

AKALA

THE WAR MIXTAPE

(ENHANCED CD INCLUDES WAR VIDEO)

Akala Lyrics

“Welcome To England”

Welcome to England, part of so called Great Britain
But ain't a fucking thing great about the way we're living
For me it's hard to see how we're perceived over seas
It's believed we sip teas, and speak like the Queen
Nigga please, the streets will suck your blood like a leech
A lot of shells, ya get wet but real far from a beach
Dole queue, fifty pounds a week, ends don't meet
If ya like me even your mum's done hustled more than weed
Times are harder, we get dads but few get fathers
And we still pray but shit, get few answers
Every single area with an ethnic majority
Full of drugs, guns and poverty, getting to thirty is a lottery
And the government, deceiving the white working classes
Into believing they're supportive to us black bastards
Bullshit! Like we're living so cool
Go to your local fast food, take a look at who's serving you
And the schools are bullshit too, so we're weighing out grams
I'm strange amongst the mans 'cause I got some exams
I grew among youths real nice with the knowledge
Yet I'm the only one who finished school, let alone college
Our role models ain't doctors, but shottas who pop hollows
Chefs that cook food that'll kill you if you swallow
So addictive once the wicked thing holds you, you're never right
Can't begin to count the lives I've seen consumed by the pipe
Walking ghosts, that sold their own soul for them rocks
And mandem shot them rocks, just to cop rocks
'Cause the shining kind of rocks make sluts suck cock
Along with jocks and repping their ends by busting gunshots
It's on top, you cannot tell me all is not lost
Grown man is busting shots just 'cause they're dying for props
That's why, public displays, guns spraying in raves
But most of these youths can't shoot, so innocents hit by the strays
Our, future is fucked, that much is obvious
And I'm, far from perfect so I make no promises
'Cause every day create more Doreen Lawrences
So it's fake, when they make out like all is positive
I gotta keep them things and be willing to bust them
Niggas is ignorant, no discussion, you'll get murdered for nothing
A pregnant woman, got kneecapped, over a car crash

Ten year old boy stabbed and left bleeding to death in his own flat
Man is warring over manors not even drugs
You'll get plugged, for stepping on the wrong toe in clubs
You wanna know how real it is? I'll tell you with ease
All you gotta do, look at the last two New Year's Eves
One just passed, four teenage girls went out for a blast
Two never came home, machine guns that were blast
The year before, a man survived a shot in the chest
Bullet pierced the wall, put the gunman's own friend to his death
And what's funny, is that we ain't even shocked
This shit happens every day, so we just shrug it off
And that's a basic introduction to Britain's black community
No Puffys or Jiggas 'cause we got no unity
That's why, half the world don't even know that we're here
Yet we're living the same struggle, our mothers cry the same tears
And of course, I want my kids to have a better life
But for now... I gotta survive

Akala Lyrics

“C.R.E.A.M. (Freestyle)”

Who wanna be broke? Nobody, that's a joke
That's why coats get blood soaked for pound notes
That's most of the reason niggas bleeding from gun smoke
It's all of the reason that a twelve year old sell coke
That's why mum's stressed out, that's why niggas stretched out
If you stackin' cake, we'll break in your house, tape up your mouth
Take the spouse, where's the cash?
Give me the work or the cash, or you gettin' clapped
You can be the king of the track, or rap, niggas is rash
Long as you black you can get jacked, that is a fact
I never really been rich but I know one thing that won't change
Never let a man that bleed the same take my chain
I feel raped, I buss it, fuck it
I couldn't rest knowing the man took what's mine and I did nothing
How I run it, I done stuck a few in my days
But I'm still here so fuck it, party away
Get paid, get laid, get a house with a maid
Give back to those that was raised how you was raised
Whoever said life ain't about stackin' paper?
They a fuckin' idiot, and they need to wake up

Akala Lyrics

“This is London”

[Verse 1]

The place where you find the coldest ballers you ever seen
But they locked up or dead not in the Premier league
Best kid that I knew turned fiend by 16
It seems things never the way you see in your dreams
Years past, tears start, kids turn to teens
That sweet child you knew, grill done turn mean
Daddy left him and reality set in there's no cream
And it's embarrassing goin' school with holes in ya jeans
So, you know the cycle, it's little bags of green
Get expelled and sell the world hell by 16
Fuck a couple pristine chicks that suck dick mean
Couple bottles of cris sipped and wrists lit mean
And it's logical, lucky niggas do time that's horrible
Catch the flipside and ya speak with the oracle
It's fucked up yeah, but that's just how it is
And ain't nuttin' on these roads gonna change but the clip

[Hook]

This is London
Black t'ugs bust big slugs
This is London
Give ya fuckin' punks tough love
This is London
Single mums that pump drugs
This is London, Bruva this is London
(London calling...)

[Verse 2]

The place where it don't matter if you never sold a shot
Never run up on a nigga like "gimme what you got"
Get ya brain sprayed on the pave, in front of the rave
No reason other than niggas is frustrated
So many catching cases over screw faces
And dumb shit like we come from different places
London get your shit smoked like a chalice
Same city, different planet from Buckingham Palace
Where young t'ugs is clutchin' big straps that's Russian
And dyin' to buss it what the fuck good is discussions?
Where hood rats is sucking any dick that push a nice somethin'
And them said gyal'a get you set like your life's nuthin'
Cause life's nothing that's just how it is
And there ain't nothing on these roads gonna change but the clip

Chorus

[Verse 3]

The place where you don't fuck with the Turks or the Asians

Triads, pikey's, even Caucasians
Where them cockney boys will chiv your face, you mug
No love, every colour mentality thug
But we take it to a whole 'nother level
Little girls gettin' shot in the back is not clever
Never far from the hood, even in the Sticks
Couple wrong turns, get dash out ya whip
By some little skinny kid, think he big with the chrome
They said he'd be the next Ian Wright but
The skunk said no
In this place, if you work you're an idiot
Most of the smartest motherfuckers illiterate
'Cause tax is a bitch, take half your pension
Just to fight war, now they want congestion
And they wonder why we all goin' insane
This is London, tell me is your city the same?

Akala Lyrics

“Roll Wid Us”

[Verse 1]

It's my time like it or not gotta ride can't fight
This thing'll take you with it like a landslide
My mind spitting rhymes refined as old wines
No games since age 5 I hold mine
Never fell for the spells they tell in this world
I read Malcolm, you was learning to spell
I took exams early with the geeks in the school
Opened a business you were still chasing your balls
I spent my teens sticking but I'm one of Britain's best mathematicians
Official, I got the certificate
So however you want it kid we could do scholarship politics
Or the opposite
War with hollow tips No supathug, just I don't fear, why would I?
You bleed like me and breathe the same air
I got a purpose on this earth
And I ain't ready to go
So if I gotta send you first then let it be so

[Hook:]

Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]
It's time now the wait is over
Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]
It's time now the wait is over

[Verse 2]

It's bigger than the music
It's more like a movement
A unit of trueness spreading like rumors
They foolish, say I can't do it they doubt
Cause we acorns now just watch out for the tree that sprouts
When it does, remember I told you
I'm going from local to global
Poor and hopeful
From glueing back shoes
Cause they showing my toes through
To owning shoe companies and yards on the coastal
If you real grab on, I'm taking the fam with me
But hold on tight cause we movin real swiftly
Fakes can't stop my flight
Not your life that's like
Trying to fight atomic war with a knife
(can't do that)
Fight like mike with control not physically
If ignorance is bliss that explain my misery
I'm clear in my vision b, solve your mystery
Compete with me you get whitewashed like black history

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

It's not all gravy, man dem is shady
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me
It's not all gravy, man dem is shady
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me
Get yours, there's only one life to live
You gotta feed your kids, you gotta eat real big
Young soldier you can do whatever you want to
And no one out there can stop you
Not sure just watch me for practice
In these board meetings
Taking cheese off crackers
You actors are not factors
I see the bluff cause you sell crack
It does not mean that you're tough
It's the matrix and it's blatant you
Paper thugs are not ready yet
For getting unplugged
Grown man still talking like
You know who I am, where I'm from'
Bredren what the fuck are you on?
Telling the world who you shot
And what are you earning
When you get popped that will not stop it from burning
So it's worthless, you gots to be a soldier
Watch me grind you'll understand it as you get older
Nothing pretty but when I do things the job's over
Never stick at that critical moment, I'm potent
I'm focused, you jokers can't see me
I feel like a marksman at point blank it is too easy

Akala Lyrics

“Roll Wid Us (Remix)”

Right about now
I got man and em for u understand?
Young Niccolo - 15 y'know?!

Big E
Quest talk to dem!
Many men in tha street
But none of them is live like me
Quick to fire around like me
A young gun that's I'll
Hustler on tha block - shit real
Catch ya case hits tha streets
Till da sun's revealed
Listen I ain't trippin
Illin out da states
Spittin/grimey type
Put a hole in ya missus
Love beef so I stay in the kitchen
Hard to move in the game if u a pawn & ya queen is missin
Cause niggas round here play 4 keeps
AK's that'll spray all day
Blow ya lungs to ya feet
Overseas wid da gullious thieves
Roll Wid It Get Rolled Through Playa deadly in these streets
Record tight jus let em' fight
Bang hammers cause on the block cause we hot - livin tha streetlife
Ain't nuthin new to real soldiers
Hold It down
Game is over
From shotown 2 London - we rollin
Uhh
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over
It's time now the wait is over
Never let em' see you sweat
Man of respect
Yeh We live like we roll Tec's
Full of ourselves
Best of the best - my niggas blessed
Thanks for askin
Thanks for passin
Knuckle bruise from the blastin
I gave u gonerhell
Kill tracks like my dick touch tha ovaries
And my chick took the pill
Can't take her back - too much pain
Moved Work
Towerbridge in my whip like 12 times a day

And I'm still goin true - so shine away
F*ck cops - maintain, stretched out & claim
Keep feedin em' - whatz there to eat
Fried Rice, Chicken Wings plus barbeque ribs - that's beef
Chilled orange juice
Kit back purposely
And if u catch me outta hood
U can bet it's P
Soldier I need a backpack to carry mine
Best believe cause they bigga than none
So what - Bless ya
Roll Wid Us Or Get Over
Faggots talk hard but don't get no bolder
Shookin tha club widout they soldiers
Normal rollers just they olders
Two-steppin
Louie Crep wid the checked laces
Yeh she's buff but her face pasted
So I can't place it
I'm a fly nigga
In any hood
I would ride nigga
Before taklin like 'nah nigga'
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over
It's time now the wait is over
Yo
L8li tingz hav been insane
I'm catchin stupid beef for ova peeps speekin my sake
Nu carlo stay loyal to da fam
Da fam fought tha same way
We leasin tracks for no cats searchin 4 a pay day
But let's get one fing cleared up right now
Ain't nobody out there messin wid ma fam str8 up
Now listen - I ain't trynna drop a word of wisdom
But trynna show heads that don't know the place we live in
Where u got those? he shot tha fiends to make a livin
Will those envy? pretend to be friendz & I'm snitchin
While lil kidz are swearing hood in every drop I'm pissin
People end up missing - families left reminiscin
No fam beat tha clique
M1 blocks where we jam
If ya son says us on blud
Live me for my mans
Understand when I walkin road I check my shoulders
Your friendli man down tha phone blud - u ain't a soldier
Now I understand what they say to him when he's older
Roots see his roads Roll Wid Us or get rolled over
I understand what they say to him when he's older
Roll Wid Us blud or get rolled over
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over
It's time now the wait is over
A rolling stone gathers no moss

Matter without movement
And Pac's no force for the cause
I keep rolling
So composed it
While u was top speed
I'm still strolling
Fake thugs folding - u niggas is done
U just can't cannot fight - that's a fist to a gun
Bold when the sun
I'm ten versus one
Smoked to a lung
U little bastard - disaster must come
But most
Only postponed
U clones get dethroned
I shoot truth - leave ya lies leakin tha road
Bleed & exposed
Yes my flows are cold as an artic blizzard
It's not written in poems
Merlin verses
Dark as a womb
Worse than curses for raiding tha tomb
Meet ya doom - tha kid who can't be moved
I'm just livin out my name - it's all so plain
I'm different f*ckin gravy
Eva since tha lick
I keep the grasscuts - so the snakes can't slither my shits
We could talk stocks & figures like shots from triggers
Niggas gettin smoked like Kippers
Cause man and em' don't learn till tha shit happen first
This is not Usher but yeh we could let it burn
Roll Wid It - It's betta wid mo hands
Even when you can't fight what u don't understand
Roll Wid Us G
Or Get Rolled Over!
That's right
It's not a rumour blud
We coming for this year blud

Akala Lyrics

“U Ain’t A Killer”

[Verse 1]

I never claim to be no killer, just a little skinny nigga
But I'm down to get in it and jack the ripper if my life's threatened
Sicker than liquor in livers, when the trigger pepper up a silly nigga
Leave 'em stiff, no pretty picture
I'm no atheist, but Satan's waitin'
And I'm one shred of patience from havin' to face him
Real recognize real, but these fakers
Don't see 'til you makin' duppies like Wes Craven
And the haters wanna know if you mean what you spit
And they got nothin' to lose, they gon' never be shit
But dude don't get me confused with none of these cliques
That talk clips then they hit notes soon as they shift
I'm more similar to Malcolm, I track a school yard
But the road is the road so a tool's never too far
I love niggas but I'm no dummy
And ain't no one inflictin' that pain on my mummy

[Hook]

What, you ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk
From London to Leeds, get your frame outlined in chalk
Mark you for death, though we pray for a better day
But as far as today, y'all niggas gotta pay, what?
You ain't a killer, you just talkin' a song
You ran to the feds when it's on, pussy, take off your thong
Mark you for death, don't talk that where you from shit
That don't mean nuttin', unless it help you dodge a clip

[Verse 2]

Niggas talk tough but I don't believe 'em
Empty vessels make noise, they always screamin'
Cause a scene in the club, like the bitches to see
Love the hype, love the noise, blud, I don't believe it
These dickheads from school days, walkin' with a screw face
Now they got a ting and they caught a little food case
All of a sudden everybody tuggin', everybody dark
Everybody gums runnin', 'til the guns spark
Firms of dudes deep in the dirt like worms
But worms'll have you burn like an old school perm
It's the most dumb, with most pain, they tote guns with no brain

They will shoot you and tell the world just for the name
It's war, stay with a soldier medal
Keep low in the trenches, or you'll need more than a dentist
In London, niggas'll leave you stiff and dark
No reason in particular, shit it's sick-ular
Get your wig twisted, this shit ain't twisted it's the laws of physics
If a crisp bitch legs' open then a nigga's gonna hit it
You keep talkin' that shit, you go missin'
Lie too many times it'll sound convincin' but
[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Bredren, fuck the hype, laugh if you wise
Cus flames that burn bright, live the shortest life
It's why these loose cannons don't make it to 25
It's time, the signs right there but niggas is blind
So, I stay with the London state of mind
Touch mine, and I'm on you like shit to a fly
Clip and a guy, me nah bust shit in the sky
Think it's lies? When you see me, you are welcome to try
No tuff guy, but trust I, nah bluff my
Talk is true, you don't wanna see the proof
Brudda yo, I'm double O with mind
Anything I do, I move like MI5
That's the rhymes, even coming down to the sight
My eagle eyes recognize snakes, even disguised
Everybody want a plate when you splittin' the pie
But you find you on your own when them shells gotta fly
Know why?

[Hook]

Akala Lyrics

“Watcher (Freestyle)”

I'm the watcher, to me you cocksuckers are transparent
I see the future like tarots, my talent embarrass you faggots
Your shit is tragic like what happened to Magic
I'm cold turkey to addicts, wolf to a rabbit
Same city, different planet from Buckingham Palace
Where Rastas are smokin' the chalice, niggas drinkin' liquor by the barrels
Barrels smoke 'em, bullets soak in your apparel
I'm Sagittarius, so it's natural that I spit arrows
The watcher, I see proper, so called top shotters
Tell the world your business so you 'bout to get knocked by the coppers
But never lock up 'cus you sing like the opera
Pussy'ole fi get chop up, they got no morals
Think you ruthless 'cus the world see that you shootin? You stupid
On the low-low is how you should do tings
Passing your straps for stripe, you niggas are bitches
I don't know you, I know who you clippin', so much are snitches
Fuck the fame and the name, that ain't the aim of the game
Supposed to scheme for a better day
But niggas can't see, it's like they blind
It's cool, 25, plenty time to open your eyes
Like Memphis, future bleak, government vengeance
Like hell they wanna help, they just uppinn' the sentence
Two strikes is life in the country we live in
If you pop shots, but not if you fuck children
So who you think they tryin' to imprison?
But niggas don't wanna listen
Limited vision is inhibited wisdom
So I keep my eyes open, every moment I'm focused
You jokers is bogus, I flow ferocious I'm sure that you know this
A lot of dudes spittin' written but I'm ripping riddims
God given, so you sinnin' if you think that you winnin'
No religion, not a Christian I believe in the spirit
Even if you a heathen, you believe in my lyrics
I'm the Einstein of physics, Shakespeare to writing
Tyson to fighting, strikin' like lightnin', we're frightenin', timin' like (?)
See clear, my vision refined
Look through my eyes, you feel like you see them for the first time
I spot the snakes, I know they kind
The fakes is easy to break

They got no spine, them man are principle
Discipline you niggas like the principal
My lyrical miracles, biblical to spiritual criminals

Akala Lyrics

“War”

[Skit/freestyle: Akala]

Akala means it can't be moved
Wise tug I stand firm like Muhammad or Malcolm
I won't budge, face it, this gyal naked or scrolls sacred
I'm the worst thing from England since the slave shit
Rappers still so real, it's time
Hit you so hard I separate your thoughts from your mind
Wizard of written kid, blizzards spittin' I'm so cold
Fassies get exposed by my snub-nosed flow
My 12-gauge frays at close range and make you levitate
Like David Blaine, it ain't no game
Bredrin if you real, roll with it
This is the movement, it's Akala blud and you can't move it

[Verse 1: Akala]

Just another strap burst, another black cursed, packed church
Another black man in a hearse before his 21st
Same story to tell all over the world
Crack sales, packed jails, sports, music on sale
Shoot 3 points or score goals
Just the slang's different, you'll relate to my flow
Hoes suck dick when your neck all froze
And you're known to move stone cold duppying foes
What you know, about single mums on the dole?
Had to hustle, raising 3 kids on their own
That's why I'm so grimy now, gotta give her the credit
She was always grinding, so for me it's genetic
No matter what, won't stop till my mum's living lavish
Shopping trips to Paris, till then, you faggots have had it
Talk a lot but you can't do shit to me
Shells among your iceberg will make you history

[Hook: Akala] x2

"There's a war going on outside no man is safe from" -
[Sample from Mobb Deep's Survival Of The Fittest]
You can't crumble or stumble, you gotta stay strong
Show these suckers on top getting preyed on
Concrete streets, the heat'll leave you laid on

[Verse 2: Akala]

It's the jungle where the prey turned killer
Streets is a gym where man work out there to improve their fitness
Bigger weight you push, the bigger you get
Not the size of your pecs, but your cheques and your reps
Niggas is partners too take turns for sex

One run his mouth the other do reps with his index
You talk real slick but don't really want shit
Man I stock more magazines than WHSmith
And I ain't glorifying nuttin', just reality
Make no man, mishandle my dough or my family
Shit'll get worse than prison for pedophiles and snitches
Cut you so wide you'll need a rope for your stitches
Teach one but I fear none, I ain't just spittin'
Mine or your mum's gonna cry then my eardrum's ringing
'Cause shit, my mum's already lost 4 infants
The 3 boys then only me, that's why I'm so militant
[Hook x2]

I'm only 19 but my mind is older
I'm Europe's youngest black company owner
[?] the style of wireless on this whole island
Shit's so rowdy, burst your eardrum when I'm miming
I walk jeans sagging, [?]
It's hard to believe my GCSEs improved the nation's average
And these dicks think they know me well
The only thing hotter than my flow is the shells
[?] receivers go missing
The way I [?] it can't be fixed by positions
Play your position, before I stop rapping start spitting
And you little bitches resting in ditches
No one too credible for attention to medical
Slugs encase your cerebral, make you a vegetable
Heat's unbearable, these streets are terrible
Kids are eating food even though it's inedible

[Hook x2]

Akala Lyrics

“Bells Of War (Freestyle)”

Let me give you some real shit for a second
Yo, listen...

Five hundred years of tears, we still here
Standing strong, the only thing that we fear
The reflection in the mirror, the hate is deep
It's been this way since Willie Lynch made the speech
Divide and rule got us all by the balls
The referee's cheatin', but we playin' by the rules
Even after all the rape and the killing
We still let the same man educate our children
There's been no apology, we still forgivin'
And he's got the cheek to portray us as the villain
Look across the globe at the way we are livin'
The darker the skin, the realer the condition, no coincidence
We built the whole western world for free
And what thank you did we get? To be hung from trees?
We been whipped, been stripped of our truth
But we still standin', a tree without roots
Black rose from the concrete, the petals is damaged
But surely you see the beauty of what just happened
What don't kill you, make a nigga strong, that's a fact
And we've been abused for so long, you do the math